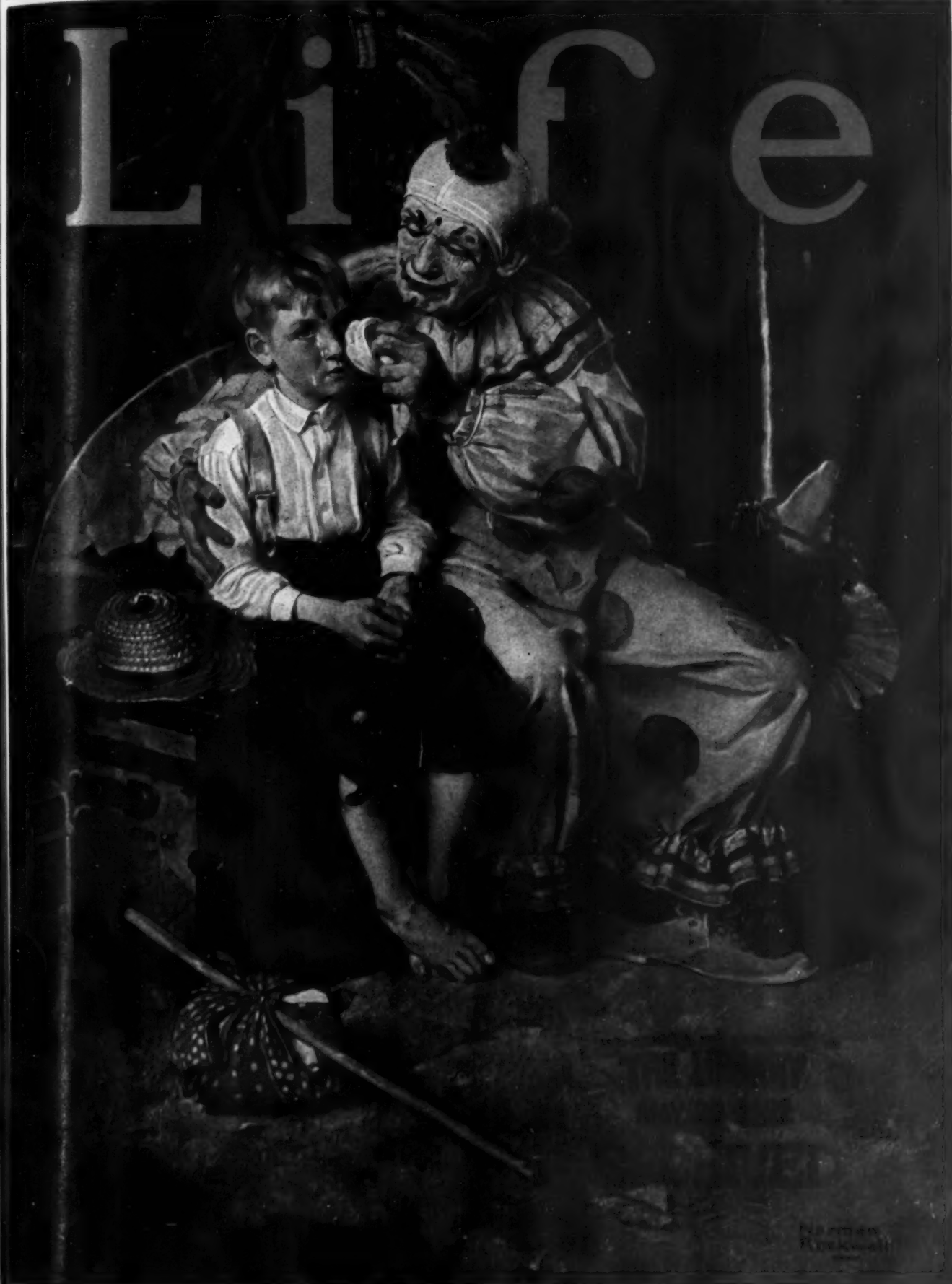


Life



The Runaway



The Underwear
of A Gentleman.

GOTHAM

Underwear is designed to meet the demand for finely tailored, scientifically proportioned garments that assure with the utmost in comfort the utmost in service

GOTHAM
Athletic UNDERWEAR

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DEFINITION
The practice of Chiropractic consists of the adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse

has grown from an idea in the mind of **one** man in 1905 to the second largest health profession in the world.

There are now approximately 15,000 practitioners, more than a hundred schools and about 10,000 students.

Twenty-one state governments have recognized the science as distinct and different from anything else on earth.

This growth in less than seventeen years has been, not only without the aid of other professions engaged in getting the sick well, but in spite of their utmost efforts to prevent.

Chiropractic has never had a single dollar of endowment from state or national governments. It has overcome the prejudice of the public, the opposition of other professions intent on its extermination, and adverse laws in every state in the Union.

It has recruited its patients from among those upon whom other methods failed, and with these failures of other methods upon which to prove its efficiency it has grown like a green bay tree.

Ask Your
Chiropractor
for
"The Last Word"

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

Universal Chiropractors Association
DAVENPORT, IOWA



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Life

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Values

ROOM rates and restaurant prices at the Hollenden Hotel compare favorably with the rates at any hotel in the world for equal quality and service.

A good hotel is more than a place to eat and sleep, and you will find at the Hollenden the countless auxiliaries of service that mean everything for comfort and complete satisfaction.

THE HOLLENDEN HOTEL CO.
CLEVELAND

In Cleveland—It's
THE HOLLENDEN

The Balanced Mind

DANTE and I were strolling down
the road
Close to the border-line where Paradise
And Purgatory join.
The day was sultry;
The asphalt pavement bent beneath our
feet;
We would have sunk knee-deep in
Purgatory
But for our snow-shoes of asbestos
weave.
"Who is that man?" I asked.
I pointed to a high and narrow wall
Upon the border-line;
Erect he sat astride upon its rim
In neither Hell nor Heaven.
"On earth," said Dante, "he was never
sure;
Thus when his land was torn with civil
war
This one refused to say
Which cause he stood for. When his
dearest friend
Was brought to trial he dared not
testify
Lest he should harm the plaintiff.
Every choice
He put aside for fear he might choose
badly."
"Unfairly judged!" the man cried as
we passed.
"I suffer punishment for breadth of
mind—
I merely saw both sides . . ."
"You see them now!" called Dante.
The wall was very high;
It was surmounted by a row of spikes
Set rather close together.
I wondered as we left him perched
aloft
Where all the others were!

S. R.

Ruinous

CRABSHAW: Bestseller seems to be losing his vogue.

PENFIELD: That's on account of the practice he's had. He's writing better stuff now.

An impression of Congress in session:
Nothing ado about much.

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"The Chest with the Chill in it"

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and tested by use
"in over a million homes"

Easy to clean—economical—
durable and efficient.

Sold in every city and important
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Professional record and references on request.
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TIFFANY & Co.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE

DEPENDABLE

NEW YORK - PARIS - LONDON



In Normandy

"Mumsey! Maybe Papa could catch some fish if he dressed like that"

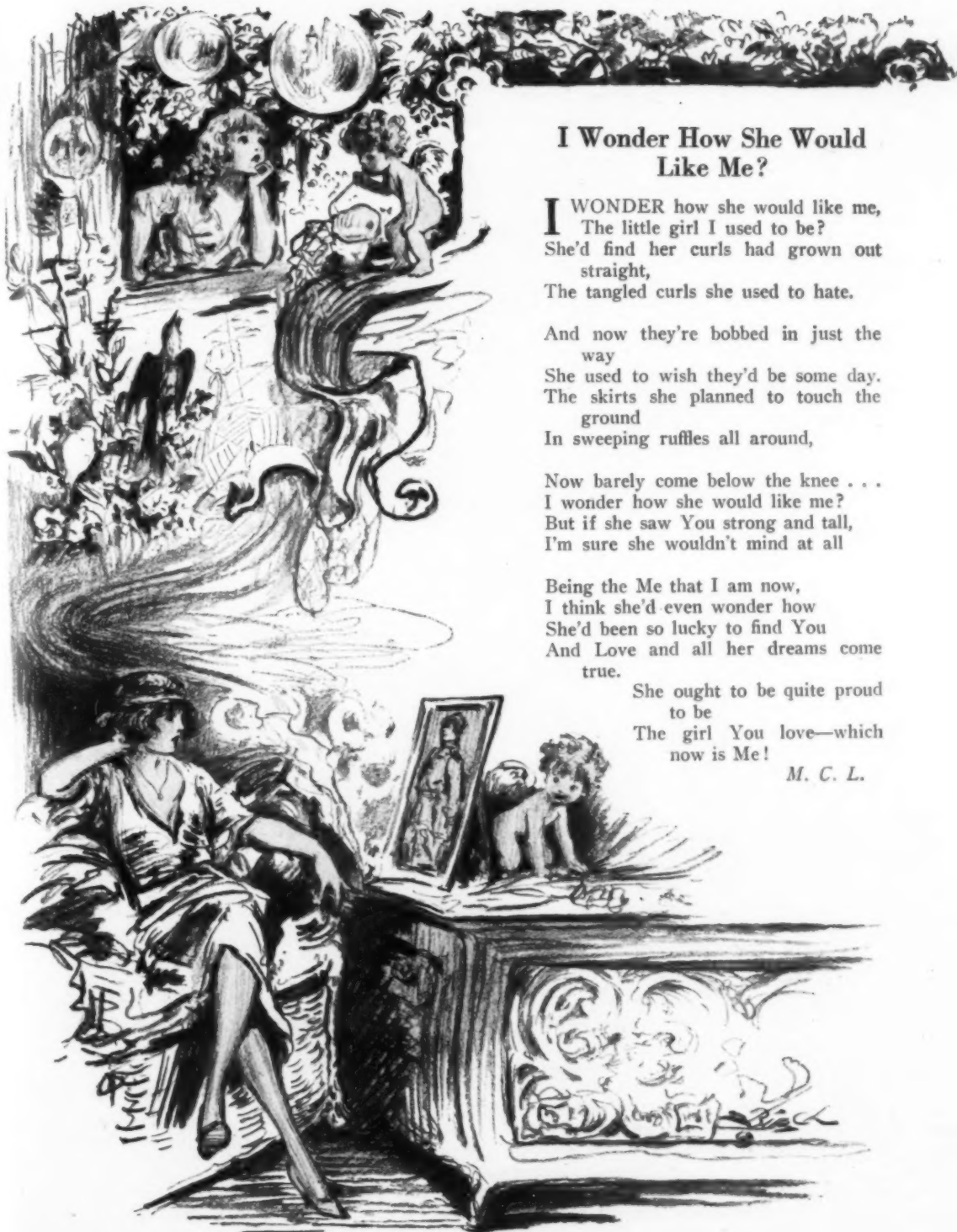
Handsome old age! The secret of the longevity of Phoenix hosiery lies in the stoutest strands of the finest silk which are used in its construction. And the many colors are as tenacious of life as the knitted fabric itself. Phoenix leads the world in hosiery sales because of the elegance it carries over long miles. At low cost it supplies hosiery security—splendid insurance of handsome old age.

PHOENIX HOSIERY





Life



I Wonder How She Would Like Me?

I WONDER how she would like me,
The little girl I used to be?
She'd find her curls had grown out
straight,
The tangled curls she used to hate.

And now they're bobbed in just the
way
She used to wish they'd be some day.
The skirts she planned to touch the
ground
In sweeping ruffles all around,

Now barely come below the knee . . .
I wonder how she would like me?
But if she saw You strong and tall,
I'm sure she wouldn't mind at all

Being the Me that I am now,
I think she'd even wonder how
She'd been so lucky to find You
And Love and all her dreams come
true.

She ought to be quite proud
to be
The girl You love—which
now is Me!

M. C. L.



"You look worried, Jim."

"Who wouldn't—trying to review a book by a chap you never even lunched with."

Making Things Up

MR. JULIAN HURST walked up the steps of the Best Bachelors' Club in New York and after a few mechanical words exchanged with the porter,—an old and tried friend to every member,—made his way to the library where, picking up a magazine, he threw himself into an easy chair and began to think. There were few of the Best Bachelors present at the moment, and he hardly needed the protection of his respectable periodical, but he had clung to it for a quarter of an hour before he realized this and angrily tossed it aside.

It was just then that he was summoned to the telephone.

An impulse to deny his own presence was followed by an impulse to go and vent his irritation on whoever had called him. He went.

"Julian," said a voice in answer to his furious "Hello." "You are breaking the drum of my ear."

The voice was that of the widowed Mrs. Templeton, and justly incensed as Mr. Hurst felt himself to be with her recent dismissal of him, it was obviously impossible for him to reply—as he

wished to reply—that he would like to break every bone in her body. He accordingly said, very coldly, that he was sorry and what could he do for her.

"You probably thought it of no importance," sang the voice over the wires, "but you have something of mine which you quite forgot to return to me this afternoon. Indeed, you went off in such a flurry—"

"I did not go off in a flurry," declared Mr. Hurst, who was perhaps somewhat deafened by the pounding of angry blood in his arteries. "That is the very last word to describe my state of feeling."

"Hurry, I said, not flurry," broke in the voice. "You can't deny you went in a hurry."

"I saw no reason to prolong our parting."

"You may have been right, Julian. Indeed, I agree with you."

"Then why, might I ask, are you calling me up now?"

There was a moment's silence at the other end of the line.

"Would it interfere with any engage-

ment if you came back just for a moment?" asked Mrs. Templeton, after the pause.

"No. I have no engagement, but I'm not coming."

"Oh, I understand; naturally you're going to—someone else."

"I am going nowhere," cried Mr. Hurst.

"That sounds so final," sighed the lady.

"It is," said Mr. Hurst, "and it ought to be."

"Why?"

"Because of what you told me you were going to do."

"I don't think I'm going to do it, Julian."

"Really," said he, in a tone evenly divided between intentional sarcasm and unintentional interest. "Not marry Montague?"

"No, and I do want to see you to tell you why."

"You said you wanted to see me to get back something I'd forgotten to return."

"Well, it's the same thing. That's why. Because you've got it. It's heart-shaped and you've always had it. Only of course when you seemed to have changed . . ."

"You little demon," ejaculated Mr. Hurst. "Wait till I get a taxi!"

C. D.

A Fair Farmer

FANNIE'S going in for farming, And it's not a "fad" she claims; Fannie's pretty, Fannie's charming,

With her "isms" and her aims.

Since she studied agriculture—

And can tell you beans from hops,

She's been hungry as a vulture

For all treatises on crops.

Fannie's going in for farming,

Or she'll know the reason why.

Some would deem my case alarming,

No such doleful suitor I.

Opposition would repel her;

Sooth, I rather like her plan,

And I'll call to-night and tell her

That I'll be her husbandman!

C. S.

She Keeps It There!

"TIME waits for no man"—but hangs around the corner a bit for the average woman.

MODERN folk don't seem to be as superstitious as their forefathers. At any rate, you never hear of a man hanging an auto tire over his door.

Annual

*Being Extracts From a Series of Letters Written
by Mr. Dubbleigh Force-Worne During March,
April, May and June.*

YES, we shall go away this summer, but not to Lake Kerjinkerjank, you bet. Never again! The fishing is bad, the golf course impossible, mosquitoes swarm. The cooking at the Gatherum Inn is sickening, and the rooms are disgusting. If we don't go abroad, we shall try the seashore.

It doesn't look as if we could get to Europe, this year. Business hasn't been good. The seashore is pretty expensive, too. We haven't decided where to go, yet. Of course we're used to Lake Kerjinkerjank, but the place has so many drawbacks that we'd only go there as a last resort.

As vacation approaches, we are still undecided. We can't stand the awful board and rooms at the Gatherum Inn, and if we go to Lake Kerjinkerjank we shall rent a cottage and do our own cooking. What is a vacation if you can't rough it a little?

We've been trying to rent a cottage at Lake Kerjinkerjank, but find that they are all taken. Of course we might go somewhere else, but it's hard to find as good an all-round resort as that. We think of getting rooms at the Gatherum Inn, and taking our meals at Bunque's Boarding House, only a mile away. We can't stand beans every day.

Well, we're off for Lake Kerjinkerjank next week, and the children can hardly wait. Of course the only drawback is the everlasting sameness of the meals at the Gatherum Inn, but I guess it's that way almost every place. Besides, you can't have rooms at the Inn unless you take your meals there, too, and that's the only place to room.

Back to good old Lake Kerjinkerjank, and I tell you it's just like getting home again! We've been mighty lucky in getting the same rooms we had last year. I am going to overhaul my fishing tackle and golf clubs this evening. Wish you were here!



At the Auction

One Lady (glaring at the other): May Harvey, if you insist on bidding against me, I'll never speak to you again.



Life's Calendar

for June



John Held Jr

By Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman

- 1—Th.—Battle of Chesapeake and Shannon; Lawrence coins "Don't give up the ship!" 1813. Chattanooga, Tenn., man removes top from milk bottle without stabbing himself with fork, 1846.

don't give up the ship!



- 2—F.—Maine goes dry, 1851; as Maine goes so goes the country, 1919. Lawrence M. Moth, piano tuner, Minneapolis, Minn., arrives for work after 9:30 A. M., 1919.

- 3—Sa.—Jefferson Davis born, 1808. Hobson sinks the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor, 1898. New Yorker, realizing that he has been wearing winter hat since May 15, drowns himself in Hudson, 1921.

- 4—Su.—Non-Washburn-Crosby Flour advertisement appears on back of *Saturday Evening Post*, 1912. Ford Motor Co. increases capitalization from \$2,000,000 to \$100,000,000, or 1½ cents for every Ford joke, 1915.

- 5—M.—First chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" published in magazine, Harriet Beecher Stowe receiving \$300 for serial rights, 1851. First registration day for Great War, 1917. Three hundred and twelve toddle top companies file petitions in bankruptcy, 1922.

- 6—Tu.—New York taxicab driver slows up to allow another car to get ahead of him, 1914. American newspaper revolutionizes journalism by printing photograph of girl in wedding dress without using caption "A June Bride," 1938.

- 7—W.—Caius Publicus Lock and Fabius Cornelius Key decide to collaborate on inventions, South Rome, 212 B. C.

- 8—Th.—Andrew Jackson dies, 1845. Guest arriving at home of friend restrains himself from facetiously placing his hat on bust of Shakespeare standing in entrance hall, 1901. Albuquerque, N. M., resident fills in one of those "The movement of my watch is No. —" blanks in a pocket diary, 1919.

- 9—F.—First given point passed by a parade, 1437. John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet, Home," once popular song now used as signal to end dances, born, 1791.

- 10—Sa.—Wyoming Territory gives votes to women, 1869. Jeff hits Mutt instead, 1894.

- 11—Su.—Percy Mackaye starts first civic masque factory, 1832. Corn Exchange Bank and Schulte Cigar Stores bid for last remaining corner site in New York City, 1940.

- 12—M.—First naval engagement of American Revolution, 1775. Charles Goodyear gets patent for manufacturing rubber fabrics, 1844; Mrs. Goodyear starts telling him not to forget his overshoes, 1845.

- 13—Tu.—France declares war on England in aid of American colonies, 1778. Fire in express office in Atlantic City destroys 1200 tons of prizes consigned to Japanese rolling ball shops on Boardwalk; damage, \$2.35—1909.

- 14—W.—FLAG DAY. Three million persons in New York City alone ask why flags are being shown, 1922. Harriet Beecher Stowe born, 1811. First diving suit patented; short story writers begin looking up life and habits of octopus, 1834.



- 15—Th.—King John signs Magna Charta, 1215. Franklin performs kite-and-key experiment, 1752. First Liberty Loan

closes successfully in spite of the posters, 1917. Pure silk shoelace, advertised as 30 inches in length, actually measures 30 inches, 1921.

- 16—F.—International commission appointed to find out why restaurants bring on the butter fifteen minutes ahead of the bread asks permission to handle disarmament question instead, 1922. Soda clerk serves glass of water with sundae without being asked for it, 1940.

- 17—Sa.—Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775; double-header in Boston, 1922. Joke from German weekly remains comic after translation into English, 1923.

- 18—Su.—United States declares war on England, 1812. Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Guest at banquet breaks world's record by balancing a water glass on three spoons and then two forks and a knife on top of the glass, 1922.

- 19—M.—West Virginia admitted to Union, 1863. Old-fashioned insurance agent, seeking audience with business man, admits he is an insurance agent, 1901.

- 20—Tu.—De Soto dies, 1542. Queen Victoria succeeds to throne, 1837. Second families found in Virginia, 1922.

- 21—W.—McCormick patents the reaper, 1834. Republican convention renominates Taft after bitter struggle, thereby achieving world's greatest technical victory, 1912. Famous juggler loses \$10,000 on wager that he could eat Saratoga chips with a fork, 1922.

- 22—Th.—Restaurant opens in Atlanta, Ga., with so many sugar bowls that waiters are not required to steal them from other tables, 1913. Record-breaking attendance at funeral of pool player who always put the chalk in his pocket, 1922.

- 23—F.—William Penn acquires Pennsylvania from the Indians, thereby making himself responsible for the Philadelphia Athletics, 1683. First successful typewriter patented; instalment terms invented, 1868.

- 24—Sa.—John Cabot lands on Labrador, 1497; Henry Cabot Lodge lands on Wilson, 1918. Taxi driver polite on a rainy night, 1960.

- 25—Su.—Custer's last fight, 1876. Tailor makes suit exactly as ordered, 1891. Motor truck not containing liquor or stolen silk passes through New Jersey at dead of night, 1922.

- 26—M.—First American troops arrive in France; 319 different accounts of their first words on French soil cabled to American newspapers, 1917. Henry J. Dolmann, Cascade Park, Pa., successfully tightens small screw in eye-glasses with his thumbnail, 1922.

- 27—Tu.—Little Nuisance Laundry expelled from Union for delivering shirt to customer with one button unfastened, 1906. Mayor Hylan admits he knows nothing about art, 1943.

- 28—W.—Battle of Monmouth; George Washington says something more than "Pass the hatchet," 1778. Viscount Lascelles mentioned in newspaper for first time since the wedding, 1922.

- 29—Th.—Great Britain levies the Stamp Tax, 1767. W. J. Perkins, of Louisville, Ky., becomes raving maniac at dinner table when he discovers that he has been given fork with bent prong for ninth consecutive night, 1922.

- 30—F.—Congress sets aside Indian Territory; Indians satisfied to break even, 1834. New York girl seen without bead necklace, 1922.



indian territory



If Sir Walter Were to Pull His Famous Stunt Today



THESE are parless times
in Wall Street.

Mr. Harding's golf record
shows that he is one hundred
strokes American.

Everything's so quiet in Holly-
wood now you can hear a di-
vorce suit when it's dropped.

The bootleggers' army—Amer-
ica's x x x-peditionary force.

Princess Mary is back from
her honeymoon. *Now* what
are we going to read about?

Isn't it about time that the vet-
erans of the struggle organ-
ized a Peggy Hopkins Post?

The present condition of Rus-
sia proves that the Bolsheviks
chose wisely when they took
an auctioneer's flag for their
national emblem.

Congress has quietly put over
a high tariff on cane sugar.
Syrupitiously, in fact.

Ludendorff's articles are now
appearing in American maga-
zines. How much reparation
should we demand?

"She threw a loose hip on the
table," reads a current piece
of fiction. This would seem
to be a record.

Occasionally now we are meet-
ing a Democrat.

The fact that "normalcy" no
longer appears in newspapers
and speeches indicates we are
getting back to it.

The real value of newspapers
is demonstrated in the fact
that not even a self-respecting
moth cares to go anywhere near one.

They must have been circulating the
history of Ireland in China.



The Final Touch

MYSTERY, magic, enchantment is in it,—
The ribbon pinned on at the very last minute,
The trinket, the bauble, the pledget of bows,
The peeping allurements of lilac and rose.
They keep them in sandalwood coffers or caskets
Or sweet-scented grass-woven Indian baskets;
They choose from those treasures wisely and well,
And fasten,—with who knows what glamouring spell
Of leisurely witchcraft,—the trifle belating
That makes you adore them for keeping you waiting!

A. G.

A nice choice of words would
have led Henry Ford to call
the story of his life a flivver-
biography.

One funny thing Prohibition
has led to—Women no longer
are the only sex to exchange
recipes.

There is enough oil in Mexico
to last for ages, report the ex-
perts. So the Hearst papers
have their work cut out for
them for another million years
or so.

It is said that the flapper can
now be cured by having mod-
ern poetry read to her.
But what we want is a cure
for the modern poetry.

The scientist who predicts that
the world and the sun will some
day come together must have
inside information on Frank
A. Munsey's next move.

The civilized people of the
world, says an English con-
temporary, use over three mil-
lion matches every minute.
All of which goes to prove
that something is still rotten in
the state of Denmark.

The efficiency of General
Dawes' budget effort is illus-
trated by cuts.

One of the mysteries of mod-
ern civilization is, what do they
do with the ice cream pies they
don't sell?

Anyway, the fellows that pack
ice cream haven't demanded
bricklayers' wages yet.

Some day an enterprising
morning newspaper will start
printing bedtime stories for
night watchmen.

Pennsylvania Republicans are begin-
ning to feel the Pinchot.

The police have decided that no one
can dance in New York after 2 A. M.
Some of those who have tried it before
that hour are of the same opinion.

Strictly According to Doyle

The Scene, of Course, Is Heaven. He and She Are Predestined Soul-Mates. She Has Just Arrived. Both Are Very, Very Happy

SHE (*sweetly*): I *hope* I haven't kept you waiting?

HE (*sarcastically*): Oh, nothing to speak of. A mere twenty years!

"Now isn't that just like a man? Besides, I rather expected to find my husband."

"Jane would like that! Why, for ages now, she and—"

SHE (*wide-eyed*): You mean—your wife—and my—

"Exactly. Bit of a coincidence, wasn't it?"

"But it's—it's—*immoral*! To think of Henry's—"

"Oh, you'll get used to it. The reformers are wild, though. You ought to see their parades!"

SHE (*bitterly*): And with that silly little—

HE (*stiffly*): I beg your pardon!

"Well, anyway, I think it's perfectly scandalous, so there!"

There is a strained silence. Both are very, very happy.

SHE (*with sudden curiosity*): And now that we're up here, what are we supposed to do?

"We sit."

"Well?"

"And we realize that we are very, very happy. It's very, very beautiful."

"But merciful heav—earth! Is that all?"

"Oh no, there's a dark side to it. The Spivinses call to-night."

"Wha-a-at!"

HE (*wearily*): The Spiv—

"But, my dear, you must be out of your head! They're impossible! Why in the world—"

"Oh, that's part of the jolly system, too. I was once kind to poor Spivins, you know."

SHE (*indignantly*): All the more reason—

"Not at all. It seems that everyone you've foolishly befriended on earth, takes possession of you here. The rules—"

"Do you mean to say that from now on we'll have to put up with every—"

"Exactly. Though I must admit it's a bit thick, our not being warned."

SHE (*shuddering*): Why, it's ghastly! And that terrible old Chinaman I once fished out of a man-hole! *Horrors!*

HE (*soothingly*): Well, at least they can't come for us to-night, dear. To-night we belong to the Spivinses.

Once again silence claims them; silence deep and brooding. Both are very, very happy. With sudden determination she rises and starts off.

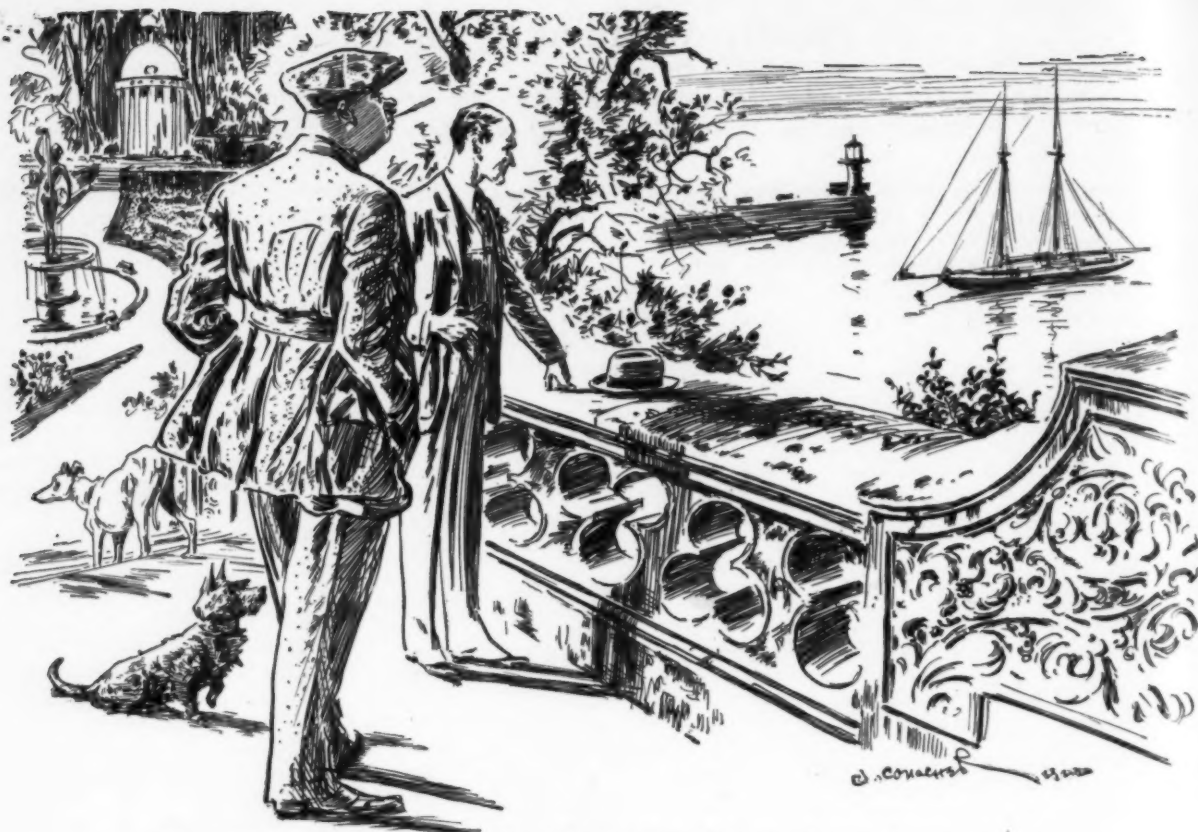
HE (*grinning*): I suppose you may as well; though it won't do you any good, you know.

"Why, I thought it was easy to get in down there! Am I to understand—"

"Yes, that's the amusing part of it. It's really terribly difficult! There's no faintest chance for eons and eons. (*Yawning.*) You see, we're all of us on the waiting-list." G. R.



Burglar: Say, the morning paper says that when I was here last night I overlooked a di'mond necklace. Hand it over.



Dives: Well, no, I never go out in her. I'm no sailor. But—er—when one has an estate on the Sound and—er—you understand—one's position to maintain—
Lazarus: Oh! Naturally—naturally—one needs a Navy.

Twin Bed-Time Stories After the Bridge Was Over

SCENE: The Newleighs' bedroom shortly after the couple have retired. In Bed No. 1, Mrs. Newleigh may be seen propped up on her elbow casting a penetrating glance in the direction of Bed No. 2 in which Benedict lies.
BED No. 1: Benedict! (No answer.)
 Benedict, are you asleep?
BED No. 2: How could I be asleep? This is the noisiest bedroom I ever saw.

BED No. 1: Why, you horrible thing! This is the first time I have spoken.

BED No. 2 (conciliatingly): I didn't mean you, of course—elevateds and things like that. (Hopefully) Good night.

BED No. 1: It isn't good night until you tell me what possessed you to double Mrs. Hampton's one no-trump at the bridge party this evening. If it hadn't been for that—and her making it—I would have won the prize.

BED No. 2 (sleepily): Just playing according to Elwell, that's all. Thought you knew the rule. Good night.

BED No. 1 (Mrs. Newleigh sits upright in her indignation): Rule? RULE? It says especially in Florence Irwin's book you gave me to study that you should NEVER double one no-trumps. NEVER! Did you hear me? Do you think I can sleep after you have belittled me in public during the evening and then tell me again in our own home what a simpleton I am? Oh,—OH . . .

(Whoever is running the curtain should realize that it is time for it to be lowered.)

BED No. 2: Yes, dear. I could have heard you downstairs. Good night, pet.

BED No. 1: Benedict, sometimes I feel as if I could just beat you. I (snuffing) d-don't believe you wanted me to win that prize.

BED No. 2: Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't care much. Didn't think that bunch of phoney cloth flowers would be any use to you—or anybody else.

BED No. 1: I knew it. I knew it. You wanted Mrs. Hampton to win. You wanted HER to wear them.

BED No. 2 (Benedict is mildly interested): Oh—you wear them, do you? I thought they were a new kind of feather duster. I'm sorry—but it was according to rules, you know. You should have bid two on your longest suit.

BED No. 1 (with exasperation): You made me learn out of a different book so you could quote rules I never heard of at me. I know the real reason, though. You wanted to humiliate me before the people there. And you agreed with them when Mr. Hampton said I was talking across the board too much.

BED No. 2: But you were. You aren't supposed to say, "Oh, I hope you aren't counting on me; I've never seen such hands" just before I bid. Good night, sweetheart.

BED No. 1 (frenziedly): Good night? GOOD NIGHT!

T. H. L.

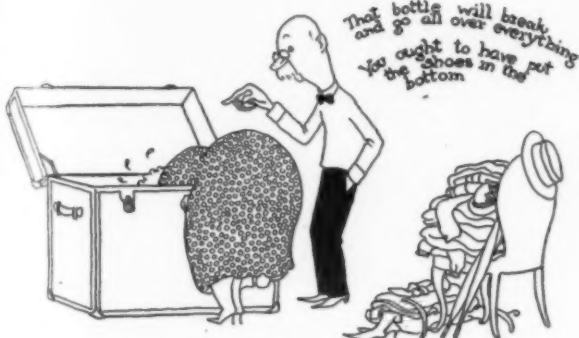


Look out for the chandeliers
You're scratching the wall-paper
Better test a minute

The first. The descent from the attic

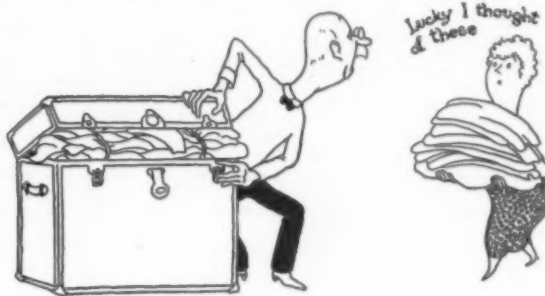


The second. The acrimonious debate as to what shall go and what shall not



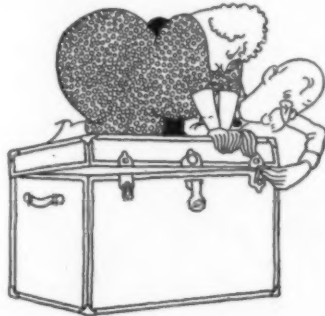
That bottle will break and go all over everything
You ought to have put the shoes in the bottom

The third. The period of suggestion



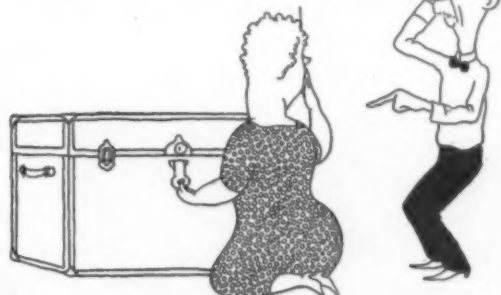
Lucky I thought of these

The fourth. The last minute remembrance of things that must positively be packed



We'll never make it in a thousand years

The fifth. The storm and stress period



The sixth. The realization that the key is in the pocket of the blue suit at the very bottom of the trunk

The seventh and last.
The completed work



Gleason Williams

The Seven Stages in Packing a Trunk

A Summer Schedule

HOLDUP, PASSENGER FALLS, & BROADHEARSE R. R.

(Daily Robbery Time Table revised to April 1, 1922 Anno Desperado.)

Passengers subject to loss of change without notice.

Read Up		Read Sideways	Read Down	
No. 1	No. 2		No. 3	No. 4
5.30	7.46	Jesseville	@1.05	11.15
5.51	8.00	Jamestown	1.34	11.43
7.20	9.16	Bound Brook	2.53	12.49
*7.35	9.31	Gag Creek	3.14	m1.10
8.00	10.06	Shackle River	3.35	1.32
8.22	10.30	Holdup	3.56	1.51
8.34	10.43	Hobo Kin	\$4.08	2.03
8.57	11.12	Handcuff Junction	4.23	x2.21
9.19	11.31	Lake Hopaboard	4.49	2.54
9.35	11.46	Two Gun Crossing	5.00	3.06
#9.43	11.54	Passenger Falls	5.11	3.16
9.50	11.59	Broadhearse	5.20	%3.25
9.58	12.00	End of Track	5.30	3.35

* Daily. # Sunday. @ Sometimes. \$ Always.

Figures in black face type indicate A.M. Figures in light face type indicate P.M.

% Stops on signal to discharge and receive bandits.

Passengers for Empty Cartridge, Wound City and Missed Fire Island change at Hold-up. Armored Station.

No. 1. Club Car Jesseville to End of Track; Wheel Chair Cars Gag Creek to Passenger Falls; Hospital Car Bound Brook to Passenger Falls; Bumpers Jesseville to End of Track.

No. 2. Stops to receive bandits only at stations indicated in black face type.

No. 3. Stops to receive passengers only at stations indicated in light face type.

No. 4. Broadhearse Limited. Stops only when telescoped.

m. Flag Stop. Does not stop to receive bandits without flags.

b. Tickets reading westbound or the reverse of such eastbound are invalid.

x. Passengers from Jesseville to End of Track do so at their own risk.

Train butchers on all trains sell bullet-proof vests. Books on Jiu Jitsu, Infantry D Regulations, and Pistol Shooting on sale at all stations.

Common or Garden Cussing

SAY it with flowers—'tis better far,
And hardly puritanical,
To use, for naughty words that jar,
The softer names botanical.
Though there are times that try the soul

And tempt us wrathfully to rant thus,
How sweet our language to control
By saying simply: "Damnacanthus!"

Now let the union workers shame
With "Scabiosa" whom they will;
Let him who might profane a Name
Invoke "Sweet Sultan" or be still.
But if there comes a rage so red
One simply must choose words that
tell more,
Oh, pause before the thing is said—
Then shout: "Gardenia soul to Helle-
bore!"

C. K. F.

Those Recurring Daily Questions

Did I get any mail?
Whose deal is it?
Got a cigarette?
Caddy, do I lie three or four?
Where's my hat?
What'll we play for?
D'you mind riding backward?
Where'll we eat?
What time is it?
How do you get that way?



Sleuths Obtain Evidence That Cy Perkins Has Permitted His Hens to Lay on Sunday



Movie Fans

The Family Skeleton

THINGS at home are quite exciting—

Since we've had the scribbling craze
All my relatives are writing
Stories, novelettes and plays.
Brother pens a tale of mystery,
Full of horrors, crime and gore;
Mother writes "The Secret History
Of the Folks That Live Next Door."

Loosely clad in flowing wrappers,
Sister Sue remains indoors;
As a queen among the flappers
She no longer reigns, but pours
Forth her soul in verses burning
With the passion and the fire
Of a modern maiden's yearning—
Sister smites a wicked lyre!

Grandma wants to write romances:
Tales to set the world ablaze;
And at night she goes to dances,
Picture-shows and cabarets;
"For," asserts the gay old sinner,
"Ere an authoress can give
Of the very best that's in her,
She must live and live and live!"

J. A. S.

The Fresh Air Endowments

ALMOST everybody had Liberty bonds when LIFE started its plan of Fresh Air Endowments. The patriotic impulse had distributed these securities in the hands of a great many persons. They were not regarded so seriously then as they are now when peace and prosperity have shown how valuable they are in the world's market places.

But those generous persons who responded to LIFE's appeal to contribute two of the hundred-dollar bonds to make sure that for all time some poor little child should be taken from New York's heated slums every summer and be given a fortnight of fresh air and good food in the country, have no reason to regret their loss of profit on the securities. To their credit will always accrue the dividend of happiness to some poor child who sadly needs it. And this dividend is safeguarded for the years and years of the future, as long as our institutions endure.

Liberty bonds are scarcer than they were when the Endowments were first started. But the need of fresh air for poor

children is just as great. Therefore LIFE no longer suggests that Liberty bonds only are appropriate to create Endowments. Two hundred dollars in cash, or in face value of any securities which pay a fair return, will establish a Fresh Air Endowment.

The donor of an Endowment may give to it any name desired to remain as a perpetual monument of kindly purpose. As it is, two hundred and forty-two poor city children are assured every summer of relief from their hot-weather misery through the generosity of LIFE's readers who have provided the necessary funds for Endowments.

Since our last acknowledgments LIFE has received from R. A. S. Bloomer, Esq., of Newark, New York, Liberty bond for one hundred dollars and cash, one hundred dollars, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 242.
In Memory of SAMUEL MYRICK BLOOMER.
Born November twenty-fourth, 1889.
Died March second, 1922, at Newark,
New York.

(Continued on page 27)



JUNE 1, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 79. No. 2065

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London.
ARE there some youngsters somewhere who presently will take charge of this world and make it go again? Undoubtedly, there are youngsters who will take charge, because the youngsters of one generation are the responsible directors of the next. But sometimes a youngster takes charge while he is still a youngster, as Napoleon did, or Alexander.

One obvious reason why matters lag as ominously as they do at this writing at Genoa is that too large a proportion of the men concerned with them are still tied up to the old order in the world. That means France, but it does not mean Soviet Russia, which has precisely the opposite vice and is tied up to impossible novelties. Neither does a dearth of youngsters account for tumult in Ireland, where the champions of the agreement bring all the energies and hopes of youth to the discharge of their undertaking. To be sure, the immediate fight there seems a battle between the sane and the crazy, both young, but it is a hopeful factor that Collins is young and Griffith not too old. The contrivance of a new order is a job for whatever minds can handle it, but the execution of it belongs merely to those who expect to live under its terms.

It seems important that the men in charge of the affairs of this world shall not have ceased to be intensely enough interested in mundane life to be competent providers for its continuance. That is where youth comes in. Youth is justly concerned about this present life on earth. Its

immediate errand is on this earth, and it belongs to it to study the circumstances it faces and back the leadership likeliest to make this earth a tolerable habitation.



THAT leadership in England seems still to go with Lloyd George. He is struggling at Genoa for co-operation among the nations in Europe as against the old system of alliances. He has had to meet the German-Russian treaty and the declaration of M. Poincaré that if the Germans did not come to the scratch on May 31st with the reparation money agreed upon, France would herself take measures to collect it, whether she had the backing of her allies or not. He has had to meet the shifty dickerings of the Bolshevik statesmen and avoid a breach with them which would delay and perhaps destroy the chance of a revival of commerce with Russia. Finally he has had to contend with a poisonous opposition at home that practices at any cost to turn him out of office.

This last, led by Lord Northcliffe and his newspapers, is something like the Wilson-hate that broke out in these States, and more or less all over the world, in the course of the Senate's deliberations on the Treaty of Versailles. The Wilson-hate was an epidemic, irrational, remorseless. The damage it did to the world is something that had better be left to be computed after all the returns are in, but enough of it is obvious to make the repetition of any such frenzy in the present crisis seem extremely dangerous. The United States is not without representatives

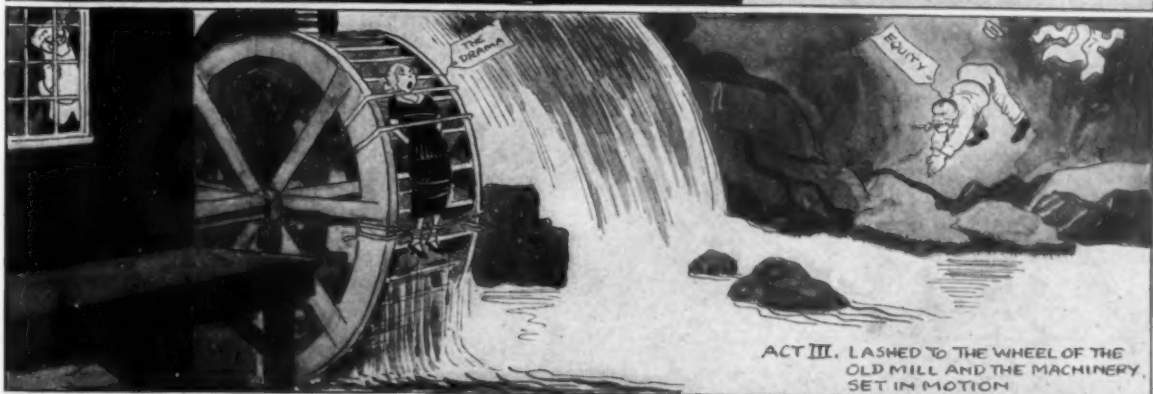
at Genoa. It sent no official delegates to that conference, but it sent thirty or forty newspaper correspondents to tell what was going on. It was to them, gathered with the British correspondents, that Lloyd George made such notable discourse at the Anglo-American Press Dinner on April 26th, when he spoke of the immense difficulty of the problems of the Conference and of the vital need of solving them at whatever cost of time and patience, if there is to be avoidance of "future conflicts that will embroil the whole of Europe," and into which, he said, "America will inevitably be brought, as the last war brought America in."



CERTAINLY the world is perplexing and its politics difficult. Possibly it is on the way to be re-Christianized. That may turn out to be the upshot of the activities which Dr. Conan Doyle has lately been expounding in New York and other cities. When this visible world gets into a particularly bad case it usually grows humble and takes such advice as it can get from the world invisible. Bernard Shaw, as quoted in a London review, is strong for more religion. The Church, he says, has "failed infamously," but he thinks that "just at present there are probably more people who feel that in Christ is the only hope of the world than there ever were before in the life time of men now living."

Very likely!

E. S. M.



More Sinned Against than Usual





head the Junior Tiger



Life in the Old Dog

THE mood in which to go to the theatre is one of naïve vacuity, expecting nothing. Try to look like a close-up of Lillian Gish. Then whatever good there is in the play will be just that much velvet. Nothing could be more fatal to a show than an audience made up of eager and expectant people who have been told beforehand that it is the best thing in town.

The audience which greeted the initial production of "Kempy" at the Belmont Theatre was ideal in this respect. They were prejudiced neither in favor of nor against the attempt of Messrs. J. C. and Elliott Nugent to write a play; in fact, they didn't know much about them, except that Elliott Nugent had played the part of the young advertising man in "Dulcy" last season and that Nugent père was an old hand at vaudeville.

Furthermore, there was little if any feeling about the authors' playing the leading male rôles and getting Miss Ruth Nugent to be the ingenue if they wanted to. The season was nearly at an end. It was a warm night. Nothing mattered much one way or the other, and the worst that could happen would be that it might last until after eleven.



IT must therefore have been particularly gratifying to whatever remaining members of the Nugent family there may have been sitting out front, to see this placid pond rippled first by incredulous surprise, then hearty laughter and finally by what we critics call "waves of enthusiasm," known, however, in the language of the layman as "waves of enthusiasm."

For "Kempy" turned out to be just about as nice a little home comedy as has been seen since "The First Year." It suffers a bit at first from the appearance of imitating "The First Year," but soon scrambles to its own feet and trips along without reference to Mr. Craven, introducing several original characterizations, a great many scenes of really remarkable delicacy, and enough lines that you have said yourself to lift the whole play from the theatre and set it right down in your own home.



Furthermore, it manages to achieve certain emotional effects without once lifting a shovelful of hokum in the process, which would seem to be a record for home-comedies. There is no announcement of tiny garments at the end and no talk of the value of kindness and honesty. No

mother places a lamp in the window and no father hides a breaking heart under a gruff beard. J. C. Nugent as the father is one of the most refreshingly unpleasant parents we have seen since *Grandma Bett*, and his "Dad" Bence approaches infinity in a parallel line with the late William Sampson in "The First Year," which, so far as this department is concerned, is the last word in tributes.

The two younger Nugents are equally astounding in their parts. The young co-author, as the earnest plumber who came to fix the pipe and was married by the temperamental daughter (played with her usual grace by Lotus Robb), and his sister (she must be his sister), with whom he has the little scene over the wrench—a scene which Barrie might have written—both go far toward making the Nugent family something to be watched.

Grant Mitchell, by the way, is the featured player in "Kempy" and is, of course, reliable, but the show belongs to the Nugents and if there is any justice in this world it will bring them in a lot of money before the summer is over. If ever a family has earned it, they have.



"FANNY HAWTHORN" was produced some ten years ago under the name of "Hindle Wakes" and was considered at the time to be Hot Stuff. It is still a splendid play, straightforward and powerful and, as acted at the Vanderbilt by an excellent cast (including Eileen Huban, Herbert Lomas and Whitford Kane), one which anyone interested in seeing real plays succeed should by all means attend.

But it is no longer Hot Stuff. Its message of the single moral standard, delivered by the young woman who refuses to be made respectable by the customary "marrying-the-girl," sounds strangely conservative, considering the fact that we are scarcely nearer accepting it as a standard of behavior now than we were ten years ago. A cause may turn from heresy to orthodoxy in the theatre and be yawned at by people who, if confronted by it in their own lives, would scream for the police or the National Civic Federation.

Perhaps it is the fact that we are no longer held breathless by the daring of the dialogue in "Fanny Hawthorn" that a great deal of it seems slow. By the time each member of the cast has taken every other member aside and explained at length that *Fanny* has been ruined and discussed what's to be done, the solution arrived at seems hardly worth all the trouble. It doesn't seem possible that, after so much talk, all the young man is going to do is marry her. This probably explains why *Fanny's* speech at the end comes with such a flash of vigor. No one has said it before in the play.

Robert C. Benchley.

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CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. Morosco.—More crime than you could shake a night-stick at.

The Cat and the Canary. National.—A good, old-fashioned, blood-curdling scare.

The Charlatan. Times Square.—Murder mystery involving a magician for a change.

The Hairy Ape. Plymouth.—Eugene O'Neill's powerful story of a brute man in a blind alley.

He Who Gets Slapped. Fulton.—A tragedy of the circus, beautifully done.

Fanny Hawthorn. Vanderbilt.—Reviewed in this issue.

Lawful Larceny. Republic.—Doubtful material made into a play which is interesting in spite of itself. Margaret Lawrence, Gail Kane and Lowell Sherman help.

Makers of Light. Neighborhood.—To be reviewed next week.

The Red Geranium. Princess.—Greenwich Village dramatized.

Salome. Klau.—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Advertising of Kate. Ritz.—A mild comedy about women in business.

Bronx Express. Astor.—Fantastic dream-play in which the advertising car-cards come to life.

Captain Applejack. Cort.—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in delightful fooling.

The Demi-Virgin. Eltinge.—Fun among the animals.

The Dover Road. Bijou.—English comedy, very pleasant. Charles Cherry in the lead.

The First Year. Little.—Frank Craven in his own masterpiece.

The French Doll. Lyceum.—Regulation play, acted with finesse by Irene Bordoni and an excellent cast.

The Goldfish. Maxine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau and Wilton Lackaye in a mélange that is often amusing.

Kempy. Belmont.—Reviewed in this issue.

Kiki. Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in one of the outstanding characterizations of the year.

Partners Again. Selwyn.—The new Potash and Perlmutter reunion, uproarious as ever.

The Rotters. Thirty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed next week.

The Rubicon. Hudson.—Pretty intimate.

Six-Cylinder Love. Sam H. Harris.—Ernest Truex and June Walker in very funny trouble.

To the Ladies! Liberty.—Containing some devastating satire along with other good entertainment.

The Truth About Blayds. Booth.—A. A. Milne's latest and most ambitious comedy.

Up the Ladder. Playhouse.—Clean hokum.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. Ambassador.—Real music.

The Blushing Bride. Forty-Fourth St.—Cecil Dean and Cleo Mayfield in regulation stuff.

Chauve-Souris. Forty-Ninth St.—Russian artists in a series of pleasant numbers.

Go Easy, Mabel. Longacre.—Nothing much in spite of Ethel Levey and Estelle Winwood.

Good Morning, Dearie. Globe.—Still among the leaders.

Make It Snappy. Winter Garden.—Eddie Cantor in Jewish white-face much funnier than usual, and another startling Cleveland Bronner ballet.

Marjolaine. Broadhurst.—A very nice musical version of "Pomander Walk."

The Music Box Revue. Music Box.—William Collier, Florence Moore, Hugh Cameron and many other headliners in a revue that is a revue.

The Perfect Fool. George M. Cohan's.—Ed Wynn at his busiest.

The Rose of Stamboul. Century.—A great big show, with good singing by Tessa Kosta and clowning by James Barton.

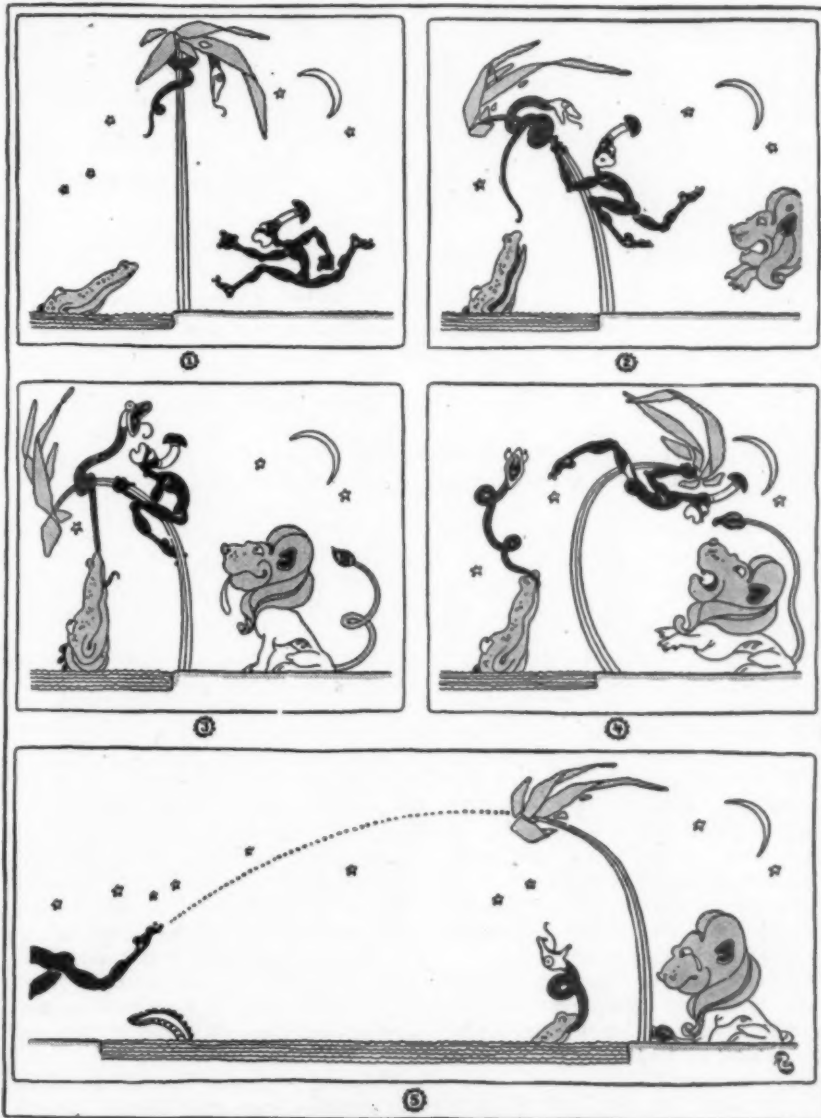
Shuffle Along. Sixty-Third St.—Negro singers and dancers in a whirlwind entertainment.

Tangerine. Casino.—Julia Sanderson very sweet.

Fantasy

DID we love each other, sweetest,
 Skies would be forever blue;
 Time would flutter by on fleetest
 Wings of glittering golden hue.
 Joy beyond a poet's telling
 Should we learn the meaning of;
 Arcady would be our dwelling,—
 Did we love.

Did we love each other, darling,
 Banished ugliness and gloom;
 Ever sweet would pipe the starling,
 Ever gay the rose would bloom.
 Care and trouble could not find us,
 Bliss untold would be our lot.
 But, one scarcely need remind us,
 We do not.
 D. P.



A Drama of Africa
 The Friendly Rubber Tree



"Can we have a picnic on your farm?"

"Well, yes,—maybe, but it's more than I could ever have."

How One Man Built a Fortune on Sunshine

WHEN I asked B. C. Nabb to what he owed his success, he did not giggle.

"If I have succeeded," he said, "it has been by serving others."

I waited. I wanted to see just how he knifes them.

While he bit thirty-five cents' worth off a big white one-dollar cigar (I am told he smokes them incessantly), I glanced around his office. On the wash stand I noted a cake of soap. On a nearby shelf was an electric fan. In one corner was a kiddie car. In a balcony at the rear was a forty-piece orchestra, waiting to play.

Mr. Nabb noted my roving eyes. "All these are things with which I relax, relieve the tension. They help me stand the strain," he said as he finished his cigar and lighted another.

"You are said to have made more money than any other man in the suburban real-estate business in America," I said. "Your story will help others to succeed."

"So it will," he said. "If it were not for that, I would not tell it."

I could see that he wouldn't.

Mr. Nabb is President and founder

of the Sunshine Suburban Home Co. His company has branch offices in 905 suburbs of New York and hopes to have offices in 1,000 suburbs of New York by November 1 of this year, even if it has to start a few new suburbs. It is estimated that the Sunshine Suburban Home Co. has provided homes for 500,000 families, or 750,000 persons, counting a person and a half to the family. Think of the satisfaction of knowing that you have put roofs, in a manner of speaking, over the heads of 750,000 persons! It must be nice to wake up at three o'clock in the morning and think of that, and to try to think of all their names. The Sunshine Suburban Home Co.! Homes bathed in sunshine! Homes full of sunshine and happiness! Sunshine! Homes!

"What a fine name you have given your company!" I exclaimed. "Tell me how you have built up your organization, tell me all about it, tell me every little thing."

"We have grown because we have put sunshine into other people's lives," Mr. Nabb said. "Of course our business is based on fundamental principles. For instance, we divide our activity

into two branches, buying and selling. Buying must come before selling. Of course you understand that?"

"Surest thing you know," I replied.

"We perhaps lay our greatest stress on buying. Still, we sell wisely. We buy wisely and we sell wisely. But back of all our effort is the unselfish desire to put sunshine into the lives of other people."

"And we study our problem. We have studied the suburbanite and we have studied the city man. We know their wants. We know that the suburbanite wants to sell his house and that the city man wants to buy a house. Our problem then is to buy for as low a price as possible, giving the suburbanite, of course, a fair price for his home, and then to sell as reasonably as possible but of course not too reasonably, to the city man."

"One of the first questions we asked ourselves was: 'When does the suburbanite want to sell his home most?'"

"I will tell you that we hunted for the answer to that question for months."

"And one night the solution came to me in a flash."

"If you will go down to one of the

commuting stations in New York City at 12:16 to-night, you will see dozens of commuters dashing themselves vainly against the iron gates trying to get through to the 12:15 train to Mortgage Manor, or some other picturesque village of Westchester, Long Island or New Jersey. It has just departed. You will see them dash and dash, and finally fall down on the marble floor in a prostrate heap, and sob. Some of them will run frantically from gate to gate, though they know full well that the next train to Mortgage Manor does not go until 2 A. M.

"It occurred to me one night that it would be kindness to go up to some of these people at this moment and offer to take their suburban homes off their hands at some figure or other. In fact, I tried it that very night. I know the value of practically every home in the 965 suburbs of New York in which we have branch offices. I chose one man as a test case. He had just missed the train to Gloomhurst.

"'Cheer up, Spriggst,' I said (I happened to know his name), 'what will you take for your Gloomhurst home at this moment?'"

"\$—*/=—?*" he replied, definitely.

"So we took out a blank piece of paper and walked over to the newsstand, and, using a copy of *House and Garden* as a desk, then and there wrote a contract under which I was to have the house at the price he had specified.

"That very night I signed six such contracts. I brought smiles to faces which had been covered with tears, flushed with anger, or drawn with despair, dejection and depression.

"The next night I had agents at every gate, at all the late trains. I even had uniformed buyers on every train, because I realized that some commuters are just as sorry when they catch their train as when they miss it. The late-hour commuter is a man who needs sympathy. We give it to him. We take his home off his hands, and, just think, he can go to bed that night knowing that on the morrow he will have no home! Just think how happy that ought to make him. No home! Nothing but rent to worry about the rest of his life!

"And, what then? Well, we sell these same homes on the next sunny day to the man from the city who wants a little place in the suburbs, a nest, a garden, and who has decided that he is not going to spend all his life accumulating a stack of rent receipts. We bring sunshine into his life, too!"

"It certainly is wonderful!" I exclaimed.

And when the President of the Sunshine Home Co. waved to the orchestra in the balcony to play "Home, Sweet Home," and bade me good-by, I realized that I had spent four hours and a half with a great and generous man.

And if I were asked to state in a sentence the secret of his success in the real-estate business I should say that it is: "Catch 'em when they are cuckoo."

D. H.

Canny, to Say the Least

"You say he is conservative?"

"Conservative? Why, when that fellow began to read about the payroll robberies he reduced wages in his factory."

Renunciation

CHLOE'S hair, no doubt, was brighter;

Lydia's mouth more sweetly sad;

Hebe's arms were rather whiter;

Languorous-lidded Helen had

Eyes more blue than e'er the sky was;

Lalage pulled subtler stuff;

Still, you used to think that I was

Fair enough.

Now you're casting yearning glances

At the pale Penelope;

Cutting in on Claudia's dances;

Taking Iris out to tea.

Iole you find warm-hearted;

Zoe's cheek is far from rough,—

Don't you think it's time we parted? . . .

Fair enough!

D. P.

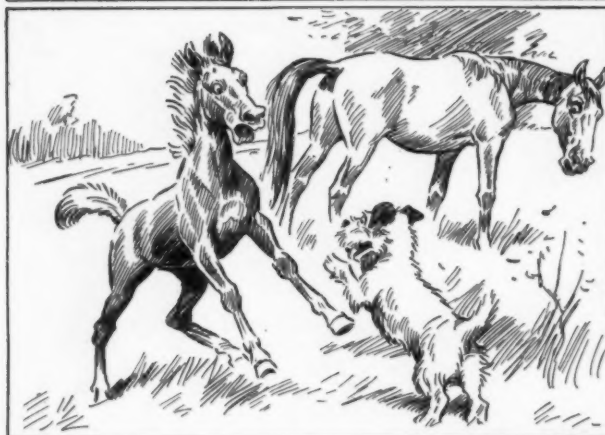


Language and Its Uses

"Well, did you children enjoy the play?"

"Yes and no, if you know what I mean."

"If you mean 'Do I know what you would like to say if you were able to express yourself,' then I do."



A Spring Idyl Gone Wrong

Why Waiters Die Young

CUSTOMER (scanning bill-of-fare): Wel-l-l, let's see now . . . Anything good to-night?

WAITER: The Boston scrod's very nice, sir.

C.: No-o-o. Is the chicken Maryland ready?

W.: It'll only take a few minutes, sir.

C.: How about the beef-stew?

W.: That's ready, sir. All dishes marked with a—

C.: Still, I dunno . . . How long for that omelette?

W.: Not over five minutes, sir.

C.: Let-me-see—now . . . Those lamb fries ready?

W.: Yes, sir. All dishes marked with a—

C.: How's the veal cutlet? Pretty good?

W.: Very nice, sir—very nice indeed.

C.: Well . . . I guess— How is that pork tenderloin?

W.: Very nice, sir—very—

C.: Y'know, I'd sort o' like an English mutton chop . . . Could you get me a nice, thick English mutton chop?

W.: Oh, yes; certainly—

C.: Takes pretty long. Is this guinea hen ready?

W.: Yes, sir. All dishes marked with a—

C. (laying down bill-of-fare): I guess I'll have a piece of roast beef.

W. H. W.

Those High-Brow Blues

I'M a wonderful scholar,
I meditate much
On philosophy, government,
Ethics and such.

My brains make my head ache,
I know such a lot—
Does this make me happy?
The hell—it does not.

If I want to go spooning
As other fools go,
With a moon and a rose bush
And music played low—

I may find a sheik,
But his ardor soon wanes
If I happen to show
I'm a woman with brains.

If I lived my life over
And made a fresh start,
I'd cut out mentalics
And major in heart.

But my mind keeps improving
And now it's too late
To be other than high-brow—
Hell's bells, what a fate!

H. E. B.



Wife: I wouldn't order any more, John, you've had enough.

John: Shay, m'dear! After bringing this jag all the way from Canada, I'm not going to quit now.

Summer Hotel People

IT is not the latest hotel scandal which Mrs. Bulger is relating to Miss Wilks and Mrs. Mullet, who hang breathless on her every word—simply a dramatic recital, with gestures, of how she, Mrs. Bulger, lost 13½ lbs. by eliminating all starchy foods.

* * *

Mr. Gelp's only exercise throughout the summer is standing up while ladies chat with Mrs. Gelp for "just a second."

* * *

The recent riots in India were tame affairs indeed compared with what happens in the lobby of the Ocean View when old Mrs. Russell finds an innocent "transient" in the chair she has occupied thirty-five consecutive summers.

* * *

Mrs. Gribble holds the long-distance medal for the Ocean View. This will be the thirty-eighth summer that the porch floor has creaked beneath the rockers of her chair while she announced to the Little Group of Serious Knitters that the table is poorer, and the people "queerer," than ever, and it is indeed doubtful if she returns next season. No one registers alarm.

* * *

Miss Blunk believes one should do some good reading in the summer. Last summer she carried "Queen Victoria" until it got so hot she just had to give up and read "The Sheik."

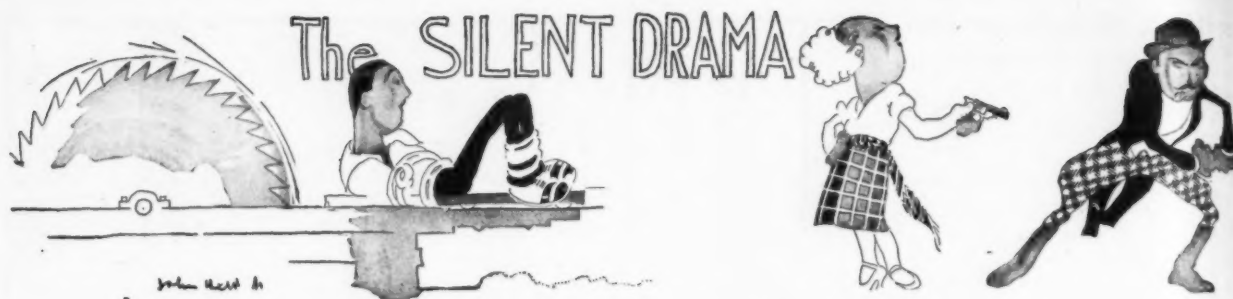
K. D.



The Soaked One: Gosh! I'm wet through and through!

Christian Scientist: No, my friend! It is not as bad as that. You have only to think you are not wet and you are not.

The Soaked One: If it's as easy as that, why do you carry an umbrella?



"Sherlock Holmes"

INTELLIGENCE, which is the quality most needed and most lacking in the movies to-day, is evident in almost every scene of "Sherlock Holmes." It is a soul-satisfying performance—the sort of picture that makes one forget the existence of films called "A Virgin's Sacrifice."

But please do not get the idea that it is highbrow. There is no surer way to condemn a movie in the eyes of the world than by calling it "intelligent." "Sherlock Holmes" is not highbrow. He never was. He has never been anything more than a London edition of Old King Brady, bound in half morocco. And this picture is perfectly in keeping with the best "Sherlock Holmes" tradition.

John Barrymore appears as the great detective himself. He is remarkably good—better, in fact, than he has ever been before on the screen. With this triumph to his credit, he will now probably leave the films flat, and attempt to take up a career on the speaking stage, as so many others have done. And I have a sneaking suspicion that he'll make good at it.

THE story of "Sherlock Holmes" has been taken largely from William Gillette's play, and includes the famous gas chamber scene.

This is the one weak spot in the picture. When the lights go out, and the glow of Holmes' cigar is seen moving about through the darkened room, the effect on the audience should be electric. But it isn't—because, in the film, they have seen fit to indicate it by a sort of animated cartoon with the characters' speeches indicated in balloons.

It is crude stuff.

ALBERT PARKER directed "Sherlock Holmes" and, except in this one instance, did an excellent job. The cast is exceptional, the most effective supporters of Mr. Barrymore being William H. Powell, Percie Knight and Hedda Hopper. Nor should one overlook the photography, the lighting or the backgrounds—which last were taken both in England and the United States.

"Sherlock Holmes" is a picture that should be written down in large letters on everyone's "must" list.

"The Beauty Shop"

IF you go to see "The Beauty Shop" (and if you do, don't say I sent you) be sure to take along your reading glasses. You will need them, for this production must be ranked as literature rather than as a motion picture. Were it not for the fact that it is recorded on a screen instead of a printed page, I should have turned it over to the Book Review department for criticism.

"The Beauty Shop" is all sub-titles. And what sub-titles they are! To say that they were written by Joe Miller is obviously unfair to his memory, for most of the jokes used in this movie had been retired on a pension before he was born. "If you evict Dr. Budd, he will be very much put out"—and so on.

The only advantage of "The Beauty Shop" is that it proves how good Raymond Hitchcock, Billy B. Van and the rest of the cast must be on the stage to get away with it as well as they do.

"The Paleface"

IT is strange that the silent drama should have reached its highest level in the comic field. Here, and here alone, it is pre-eminent. Nothing that

is being produced in literature or in the drama is as funny as a good Chaplin, Lloyd, or Keaton comedy. The efforts of these three young men approximate art more closely than anything else that the movies have offered.

They are slap-stick, they are crude, they are indelicate, to be sure; but so was Aristophanes, so was Rabelais, so was Shakespeare. How many humorists who have outlived their own generations have been otherwise?

In "The Paleface," Buster Keaton is captured by a tribe of Indians who have a grudge against the white men because some oil promoters have attempted to steal their lands. Buster is sentenced to death, but the fact that he wears an asbestos union suit saves him from considerable embarrassment when the Indians try to burn him at the stake. He is then made chief of the tribe, and he proceeds to outwit the oil sharks and save the reservation.

"The Paleface" is a veritable epic.

"Beyond the Rocks"

SINCE the production of "The Tavern," it is impossible for a critic to condemn a melodrama on the ground that it is ham, because he is certain to receive complaints from people who say, "You have missed the whole point. Don't you realize that this is really subtle satire?"

So I shall have to go easy with "Beyond the Rocks," which combines the high-powered talents of Gloria Swanson, Rodolph Valentino and Elinor Glyn. Like the late "Mistress of the World," it is actually so bad that it is funny. But doubtless it was meant to be.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 30)



The A No. 1 Tire Man of the Town

It takes about 80,000 tire dealers to serve the vast car-owning population of this country. What is your idea of what a tire dealer ought to be?

IN 1920 the makers of United States Tires brought a note of commonsense into the tire business with a message which said—
“Go to a legitimate dealer and get a legitimate tire”

From then on—over a period of two years—the American public was given the frankest picture ever published of the good and bad in tire retailing. It was surprising how many car-owners were as anxious to find a legitimate tire dealer as we were to tell about him.

Today, go into any typical American city and you'll locate one or more tire dealers whose business rank is that of the best dry goods or clothing or hardware store.

This wasn't true a few years ago. Now, when you think of the 12,000,000 automobiles that will soon be running in this country, you can see how legitimate tire merchants are needed.

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

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**United States Tires
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The A No. 1 tire man of your locality is not going to stop growing. He is an active factor in the new kind of competition, brought into the tire business by the makers of U.S. Tires.

A competition for more and more public confidence.

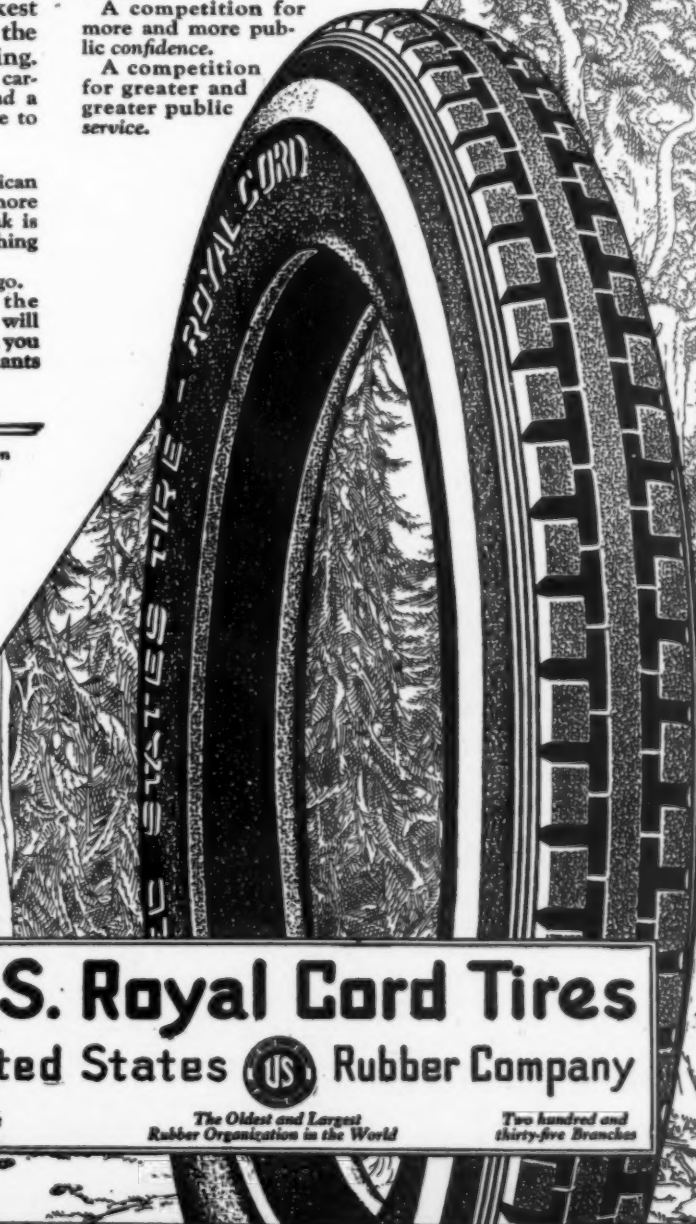
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Fifty-three
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Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches





Bigger and Better

A couple of dwarfs, father and son, are in Paola with a carnival company, the *Republican* says, and it seems there is a bit of professional jealousy. The paper quotes the son: "Dad thinks he is some dwarf. But just wait till I get grown and I'll show you a dwarf that is a dwarf."—*Kansas Notes, Kansas City Star.*

That Terrible Habit

"Is there anything you care to say?" asked the executioner.

"Well, really," retorted the golf enthusiast from the scaffold, "would you mind if I take a few practice swings?"

—*Buffalo Express.*

Agreed on That

FATHER: Whenever you come down to the office it is only to ask for money . . . I'm glad I have no other sons than you.

SON: Certainly, Dad; so am I
—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

SHE: Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.

THEY: Your lips?

SHE: No, my liquor.—*Brown Jug.*



The Fiancée: Mama, Toto and I are going to be married.

Mother: Lovely, dears, but you must both wait a dozen years or so.

The Fiancé: Yes, Lily, that's true—until we can find an apartment.

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

The Star Act

Lillian Leitzel, acrobat and solo performer in the circus, was giving an exhibition of trapeze work, high above the floor of the darkened arena. Her acrobatics are of the most violent sort, and in the stunt she had just finished she had thrown her body back and forth with jerks that looked as though they would tear her arm from its socket.

At the end she hung motionless by one arm, facing the glare of the spotlight.

"Mamma," piped a small voice anxiously, "I should think she'd strain her eyes."

—*New York Evening Post.*

We Live to Learn

"I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eightly, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?" "Why," said the Bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

As It Seems

The conversation you think you hear when running after a 'bus:

CONDUCTOR: Shove it along, Bert, he's gainin' on us!

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

LAFAYETTE, when it comes to collecting for our troops, we are neither here nor there.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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THE LATEST BOOKS

WITHIN THE ATOM, by John Mills (D. Van Nostrand Company). The author of this book has tried to explain the electron in popular language, and in our humble opinion has failed to do so; and the trouble is not so much with the electron as it is in his manner of writing. He thinks he is writing clearly, but he isn't. But he may console himself with the reflection that among writers on science he is not an exception.

THE STORY OF THE IRISH NATION, by Francis Hackett (The Century Company). Mr. Hackett, with his usual skill and good writing, has done a fine piece of work—sympathetic, and we have no doubt accurate.

MORE JATAKA TALES, retold by Ellen C. Babbitt (The Century Company). Fairy tales from primitive Indian sources; fundamental and great reading, going back as they do to the very heart of humanity.

A BLUEGRASS CAVALIER, by Edwin Carlile Litsey (Dorrance & Company). A Kentucky story, replete with negro dialect, of which we are personally tired. But as a story it is pretty good.

FRESH EVERY HOUR, by John Peter Toohey (Boni & Liveright). A publicity agent, rendered into rather amusing English; not so good as Ring Lardner might have made it.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON, by Mary S. Watts (The Macmillan Company). A discursive story, dealing with New York's literary and dramatic sets, fairly interesting.

BIG PETER, by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead & Company). Delightful reading by one of England's best writers.

NENE, by Ernest Pérochon (Geo. H. Doran Company). A novel of French peasant life that won the Prix Goncourt in 1920. Extremely unpleasant, but highly distinctive and powerful.

RAHAB, by Waldo Frank (Boni & Liveright). An uncomfortable novel, written somewhat after the manner of Gertrude Stein, with extraordinary illuminations in spots. We found it hard reading.

Fresh Air Endowments

(Continued from page 13)

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Liberty Loan 4½ per cent. bonds, other good securities, or cash should be sent by registered mail to Life's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-five years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.



ASIA

If you are going to Hawaii, to China, to Japan, send the information blank below. If you long to explore the mysteries of the Far East—if you dream of glorious days of relaxation on shaded decks as you glide over the smooth waters of the South Pacific write today. Let your Government tell you about the palatial new American ships that ply between San Francisco and the Orient. Let your Government smooth your way with travel helps.

A new booklet has been prepared for you containing official information every traveler should have. It will be sent without charge. Just send your name on the information blank below.



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Palatial new U. S. Government ships operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company now sail from San Francisco to the Orient via Hawaii—the Pacific Mail's famous "Sunshine Belt to the Orient." A day's stop is made at Honolulu. Additional stopovers may be arranged in any Eastern Country.

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Sister ships they are alike in every luxurious detail. The spacious staterooms are all outside, equipped with beds (not berths) running hot and cold water, electric fans, electric radiators, bed reading lamps, telephones. Most have private baths. The social Rooms are exquisitely beautiful—decorated in the soft greys so delightful to Americans.

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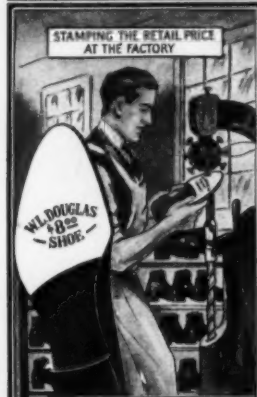
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The Philanthropist

An old woman went up to the fish-hawker's barrow and looked at his stock with longing eyes. She was evidently very poor, for when the hawker asked three-pence for a scaleful of selected bits she hesitated.

"Have 'em at tuppence, mum," growled the hawker.

"No; it's too much," said the woman dolefully.

"Have 'em at a penny, then."

Still the old woman hesitated.

There was a look of pity mixed with disgust on the hawker's face, and, turning from the woman, he said:

"Here, missus, I'll turn me back while you sneak 'em."

—Pearson's Weekly (London.)

Growth

He was a serious-minded youth. "My experiences," he said, "illustrate a great truth in life. I shall write them—develop them into a treatise on human psychology."

He grew to manhood. "Probably," he mused, "I had better convert this idea into a novel. It would receive greater attention,—more people would read it."

Time passed. He wrote his idea into a short story, and the publishers rejected it.

Finally, he received his inspiration. He wrote a two-line joke, introducing into it his idea, and sold the joke to LIFE.

—Georgia Cracker.

How It Is at College

At one of the dormitories of a well-known college for women two young housemaids were comparing notes on academic life.

"Well," said Norah, dimpling, "the faculty has the brains, and the college girls has the clothes, but, believe me, the maids has the looks!"

—Youth's Companion.

Logic

"You want more money? Why my boy, I worked for three years for sixteen dollars a month right here in this establishment and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang onto his business."

—Boston Transcript.

Outside Interference

"Mummy," asked Muriel, indignantly, "did you hear what auntie said to me?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Well, mummy," shrieked the little maid rebelliously, "I'm not going to be brought-up by another woman."

—Tit-Bits (London).

Our Educational System

A New York schoolboy has married his teacher, aged forty-five! We do not know what school he belonged to, but he doesn't seem to have learned very much.

—Punch.

LITTLE ELMER: Papa, what are follies?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD: Amusements that we have grown tired of, my son.

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

The Pace That Kills

Two six-year-old boys were passing bills one day in Fairmount. They stopped, out of breath and tired, at the home of a relative for a brief rest.

"Why should you go so fast?" asked the relative. "You have plenty of time and it's too hot weather to hurry so."

"Oh," was the answer, "we've just got to hurry to keep up with each other."

—Indianapolis News.

Street Music

A very deaf old lady, walking along the street, saw an Italian turning a peanut roaster. She stood looking at it awhile, shook her head and said:

"No, I sha'n't give you any money for such music as that. I can't hear any of the tunes, and besides, it smells as if there were something burning inside."

—Congregationalist.

History in the Making

"History," said Lady Astor, "is more romantic to read than to make." It is doubtful. At Chateau-Thierry there was a private driving an ammunition wagon.

"I used to teach history at the University of Kansas," he said, "but I never can do it again, now that I've helped make some."—New York World.



Dentist: Sit down, please.

Victim: Well,—I dunno. I haven't made my will.

—Le Rire (Paris).



IN an "Old Town," all waterways are open to you—quiet streams, wide lakes, and swift-flowing rivers. "Old Towns" are the fastest canoes made. The lightest and strongest, too! And the lowest priced. Easiest to paddle, and hardest to wear out. \$54 up from dealer or factory. New catalog shows all models in colors. Free. Write for it TODAY.

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A Common Experience

LET us say that your name is Jones, and that your most intimate friend is named Smith. You were school-mates together. Now, Smith is a big man; that is to say, he is a man who has large interests. Smith, of course, has a secretary. All big men have secretaries. One day you want to consort with your old friend Smith, so you call him up over the phone, with this result:

"Is Mr. Smith in?"
"I am Mr. Smith's secretary. Who is this?"

"This is Jones."
"What name did you say?"

"Jones."

"I didn't get that name."

"I said Jones. J-o-n-e-s."

"What is it?"

"Look here. I want to talk to Mr. Smith. You get Smith."

"Who is this calling?"

"I told you once. Jones."

"What name is that?"

"Jones. J-o-n-e-s. I said JONES."

Do you get me—J-O-N-E-S. I'll sing if you like."

"Oh, Mr. Jones. Well, I'm sorry, but Mr. Smith is in a conference."

"Why in the world didn't you say so before?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Jones, I didn't know it was you."

T. L. M.

Lilacs

LILACS may bloom gallantly
Upon a sun-swept hill
But lilacs sold in city streets
Bloom more divinely still.
Tis lilacs sold in city streets
That set my heart a-thrill.

For lilacs of the countryside
Before my eyes may gleam
In panoply of scudding clouds
And silver-footed stream.
But lilacs sold in city streets
Of such things make me dream.

R. L. J.



Both: Oh! how your feet must hurt you!
—Il Secolo XX (Milan).



Even in crowded gatherings, and in warm-est weather, The Dainty Woman can always preserve the sweet daintiness of her feminine charm.

"Mum" is the word that frees you from Embarrassment

WOULDN'T it be a great relief at all crowded gatherings—at wedding receptions, dances, parties—to know that you are entirely free from the odor of perspiration or any other body odor?

You know how it is on such occasions. As the room gets warm, you notice a slight personal odor in some of those around you—and then you begin to suspect it in yourself.

You can be entirely free from even that suspicion.

"Mum" is the word. "Mum" is a dainty, snow-white cream that takes all odor out of perspiration and prevents all body odors from whatever cause. No matter how active you are, how hot the day, or how freely you perspire, "Mum" gives you the comfortable assurance that you will not be annoyed by any body odors.

"Mum" cannot harm even the most

delicate tissues of the body. And it cannot injure the clothes. You can dress immediately after using "Mum."

Yes, indeed! "Mum" is the word.

While we're on the subject of daintiness, let us tell you about a safe way to remove hair from the under-arm. Evans's Depilatory Outfit acts quickly and leaves the skin smooth and comfortable. Very convenient, too, because it comes complete, ready for use at your dressing table.

And do you know about Amoray?—that distinctive feminine talc with the rich, yet delicate, exotic fragrance that lasts all day? Amoray is really more than a talc; it is Powder Perfume, with a fragrance rivaling the finest imported talcs.

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Send us \$1 and your dealer's name and address, and we'll send you "Mum," Amoray and Evans's Depilatory Outfit postpaid. Or send 50c for "Mum" and Amoray. Use this coupon.



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Write and let us help you plan a visit this Spring

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

What Every Youngster Knows

TO every dentist upon this earth, death should come soon or late.

O what is so funny as a circus clown!

Eternal vigilance is the price of crap-shooting.

Practice at cussing makes perfect.

Smoking makes the man.

There's no place like the old swimming hole.

Mischief is its own reward.

Haunted houses make cowards of us all.

When in doubt, skip your night prayers.

What is home without a dog?

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "Dinner isn't ready yet."

There's no fool like a photographer.

I could not love thee, truth, so much, loved I not mother more.

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

The Man From Home. *Paramount.*—Beautiful scenery, but little else.

The Trap. *Universal.*—A lurid melodrama written around Lon Chaney's make-up outfit.

Too Much Business. *Vitagraph.*—Altogether too much, if you ask us.

Across the Continent. *Paramount.*—Wallie Reid drives a slightly disguised Ford to victory in a New York to Los Angeles race. There is plenty of excitement.

The Prisoner of Zenda. *Metro.*—A beautifully acted screen version of Anthony Hope's novel, with many if not all of the thrills that abounded in the original.

The Glorious Adventure. *Blackton.*—Lady Diana Manners contributes her remarkable beauty to a rather messy costume drama which is done in colors. Most of these colors are red.

Grandma's Boy. *Pathé.*—The story of a timid lad who is pepped up by his grandmother. Harold Lloyd is at his best, and if you don't know what that is, it is just about time for you to find out.

Turn to the Right. *Metro.*—Conventional hokum, saturated with Metro-glycerine tears.

Orphans of the Storm. *United Artists.*—Griffith gives the French revolution some much needed publicity.

The Loves of Pharaoh. *Paramount.*—A magnificent picture, which shows that the ancient Egyptians liked their fun just as much as anybody else.

Fascination. *Metro.*—Mae Murray as a flapper who attempts to organize a chapter of the Shifter's Society in Spanish Bull Fighting circles.

Human Hearts. *Universal.*—Old Stuff, to be sure—but presented in a convincingly interesting way.

Pay Day. *First National.*—Several nautical furlongs below Charlie Chaplin's standard.

Smilin' Through. *First National.*—A cup of cambric tea, with six lumps of sugar.

Cold Feet. *Christie.*—James Oliver Curwood gets his in a delightful burlesque of the old familiar Frozen North hokum.

Is Matrimony a Failure? *Paramount.*—A hilarious farce, with a large question mark in the leading rôle. It proves that the only place to discuss this problem is in the home.

For Review Next Week.—"The Primitive Lover," "North of the Rio Grande" and "Missing Husbands."

R. E. S.

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

De Senectute

THE other day an uncommonly decorative girl of twenty shocked me. It was my fault for having tried idly to find out why her usual sunlit loveliness was overcast with the visible and unaccustomed processes of thought. It seemed, according to an explanation vouchsafed from behind a brow still prettily furrowed, that she was poised uncertain between two proposals of marriage. One was from a rich and cleanly architect, who wished her to be his at her earliest convenience, but she could not quite make up her mind to accept him. "Do you love him?" I asked in my orthodox way. "Love him!" she exclaimed in wondering accents. "Why, I dislike him."

* * *

However, that was not the shock. The shock came in her instinctive recoil from the loathsome alternative. It was a handsome offer from one whom she described in her own quaint language as "an old sweetie." She was, one gathered, just too fond of him for words, and he of her. But, after all, should a young girl let herself become an old man's darling? "Who," I asked, though it would have been better had I let the matter drop, "is this senile admirer?" "I won't tell you his name," she went on, lifting, in her charming perplexity, the eyes of a wounded angel. "Besides, he isn't feeble or anything like that. But he's every day of thirty-four."

* * *

It is pure, unstudied judgments like that which make a man think. Especially when he is just thirty-four. Here am I, for instance, a slippered pantaloons slinking toward a thirty-fifth birthday—a doddering scribbler driven at last to the conclusion, not only that I don't amount to much but that I never will. I might as well face the fact that I never have written anything and never will write anything that will live after me. It's rather sad, when you look at it that way.

And yet—well, at least there are some things I HAVEN'T written. Couldn't an epitaph be wrought for me



"Look at that! Before the war she tended pigs."
"It hasn't changed her."
—Sans-Gêne (Paris).



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Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science

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Waiter: I hope she says "yes" before he pays his bill. It always makes a big difference in the tip.

on that basis? Would it not be better for me to rest my case on the strength of the things I never did? In the obituary in my home-town paper, let them say this of me:

He never wrote the word "anent."

He never, never called children "the kiddies."

When he wanted to say: "But that's another story," he did not feel impelled to add: "As Kipling would have said."

He wrote thousands of dramatic

criticisms and never once used the word "personality."

He never wrote "so to speak."

He never used the phrase "as it were."

He contrived a thousand newspaper headlines and never once replaced "Them" by "Em" under the impression that that made the headline funny.

When wishing to say that "Ethan Frome" was the best short story ever written by an American or that "The Greek Commonwealth" was the best historical work ever written anywhere, he never sneaked in a "probably" or a "perhaps" under the delusion that in some way it would give him a judicious air or a suggestion of profundity.

He never strung together a lot of play-titles under the impression that there is humor in such a narrative as "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" became 'The Wife With a Smile' when she saw 'Kiki' and 'The Grand Duke' 'Get Together' in 'Blossom Time.'

He never sent LIFE a joke about the difference between a pessimist and an optimist.

He wrote 300,000 words about the war without using the word "comrades" or phrase "supreme sacrifice."

He once wrote an article about Maude Adams and Barrie in which neither the word "charm" nor the word "whimsical" occurred.

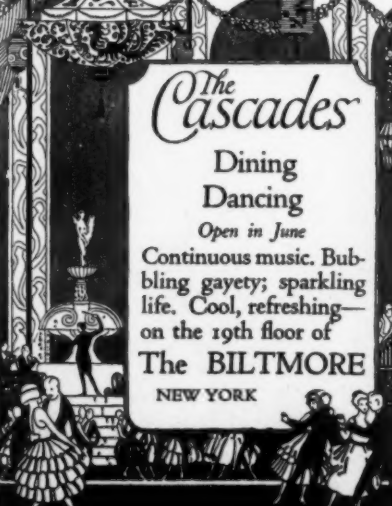
He never used the phrase "of it all."

In quoting such a line as "But, oh, the difference to me!" he would not add: "as the poet—was it Wordsworth?—so beautifully phrases it." Not when he knew doggone well it was Wordsworth and had looked it up in Bartlett.

All in all, he wasn't a bad chap.

May his soul rest in peace!

A. W.



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